

VII.

A Jack-daw was once in company with a Kite when he stole a great number of chickens out of a farm-yard, the farmer laid a snare to catch them, which only entangled the Daw; who, when the farmer came to take him out, pleaded hard for his life, and alledged in his defence, that he did not steal any of the chickens himself, but only was in company with the Kite. No matter, says the farmer, you might have kept better company then.— If you was not the thief yourself, you kept the thief in countenance, and I dare say, are of the same profession, for every one is known by his company.

VIII.

A farmer had taken his horse into a corner of a field, and tied him to a stake to dock him. At which the flies, greatly elated, came buzzing about them, and sung for joy. Ay, you may well sing, says the Horse, nor do I blame ye, for I am now deprived of that whip which nature intended I should lash you with; you, therefore, act with reason, but

but what reason can the blockhead my master have for torturing an animal that has served him so faithfully, and for giving me up to be teased by such a crowd of buzzing coxcombs as you are. But the first time you sting me when he, a booby, is on my back, I'll kick, and let him tumble and take the consequence.

IX.

There was a country farmer who had a dog that chopped up all the meat that came in his way, and was such a thief there was no trusting him with any thing. The same farmer had also a cat that was a very honest creature; for if you shut her into the buttery she never stole any thing, but diligently employed herself in catching of mice. One frosty morning, puss was playing in the warm kitchen, and the dog abroad shut out and shivering in the cold; as soon, however, as the door was opened, he ran in, and thus addressed the cat: Tis a rare life you lead here, Madam puss, you are beloved by the whole family, and permitted to lick off the plates, while I am kicked under the table. You are

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